

"SAVIN' MOTHER."

The farmer sat in his easy chair, Between the fire and the lamp-light's glare; His face was ruddy and full and fair. His three small boys in the chimney nook Gazed the lines of a picture book. His wife, the pride of his home and his heart, Baked the biscuit and made the tart, Laid the table and steeped the tea, Deftly, swiftly, silently. Tired and weary, and weak and faint, She bore her trials without complaint, Like many another household saint—Content, all selfish bliss above, In the patient ministry of love.

At last, between the clouds of smoke That wreathed his lips the husband spoke: "There's taxes to raise, an' int'rest to pay, And of there should come a rainy day, 'Twould be mighty handy, I'm bound to say. 'I have sumptin' put by. For folks must die, An' there's funeral bills, and gravestones to buy. Enough to swamp a man, purty nigh. Besides, there's Edward and Dick and Joe To be provided for when we go. So, 'f I was you, tell you what I'd do: I'd be as savin' of wood's ever I could; Extra fire don't do any good; I'd be savin' of soap and savin' of oil, And run up some candles once in a while; I'd be rather sparlin' of coffee an' tea, For sugar is high, And all to buy. And cider is good enough for me. I'd be kind of careful about my clothes, And look sharp how the money goes. Extra trimmin' 'S the lane of women."

"'T'd sell off the best of the cheese and honey, And eggs is as good, nigh about, 's the money. And as to the carpet you wanted new, I guess we can make the old one do; And as for the washer an' sewing machine, Them smooth-tongued agents, so pesky mean, You'd better get rid of 'em slick and clean. What do they know about woman's work? Du they calkilate women was born to shirk?"

Dick and Edward and little Joe Sat in the corner in a row. They saw the patient mother go On ceaseless errands to and fro; They saw that her form was bent and thin, Her temples gray, her cheeks sunk in; They saw the quiver of lip and chin; And then, with a warmth he could not smother, Out spoke the youngest, frailest brother: "You talk of savin' wood and oil, An' tea an' sugar, all the while, But you never talk of savin' mother!" —Credit Lost.

THE QUICKSAND GAVE UP ITS PREY.

Stoner had been a Texas ranger and could hold his own extremely well in that rough frontier country. He had carried off a pretty Spanish wife from the Chihuahuan region years before and brought her to the rocky California coast, and had purchased a settler's claim and an adobe house built half a century ago.

Here he farmed, raised cattle on the unused government lands and kept a sort of rude hotel, for several mountain trails joined from the country seat, twenty miles south to the northern settlements in the pines. He had five daughters, too, the youngest, Theresa, known as Tessa, a girl of 17. That added to the attraction, and almost every night the dark-eyed, half-Spanish girls sang and danced, and old Stoner managed to hear all the news that was afloat, and somehow most of the loose coin of the region ultimately found its way into his pockets. He was a deep one, that same Ephraim Stoner, quiet, sly and patient, secret in his methods and deadly in his blow.

Stoner's wife and four elder daughters were uneducated and in complete subjection to his will, but Tessa had more brains and energy than all the others put together and quite as much beauty, so that the old Texan ranger took a certain pride in her, and had even allowed her to attend a district school for two years.

This midnight, when, as he have said, the story begins, a person of a prying disposition might have discovered some interesting performances in progress around the Stoner abode. On the north side of the house, quite in the shadow, Tessa was leaning from her window conversing in low tones with a blonde, fair-haired and sturdy young man on horseback.

"Tom, you do not know my father. He is not the careless, warm-hearted man you suppose. I must admire his ability, but that is all. I warn you, Tom, there was never a more dangerous man. He may be where he hears every word you say, but if he is he will not speak to you or to me about it, but I know that you cared for me and he would be your enemy. He has other plans for me. He wants me to marry for money."

Tom Warren had once been the school teacher in the mountain district, miles away, where Tessa had been one of his pupils. Thrown upon his own resources from his childhood, he had developed a strong, earnest character, and was already so popular in the country that he had just been elected sheriff, although the youngest man on the ticket.

While Tessa and her lover were talking a scene of a far different nature was being enacted on the south side of the old abode, which overlooked a deep ravine and a camp of five or six men in the field below. For several years there men had spent their summers there, ostensibly fishing, hunting and exploring the country with their dogs and guns. Everyone knew them and most persons liked them. Tessa did not.

Stoner, though it was midnight, sat in the moonlight on an old rawhide

chair outside the door, smoking his pipe and meditating—a tough, sinewy, grizzled night owl of a man.

A man came out of the bush and spoke deferentially:

"Capt'n, good evenin'?"

"You're late."

"Dick was shot."

"Well?"

"Just as the driver throwed off the box. Shot by a passenger in the neck and shoulder."

"He musn't stay here to get us into trouble. Take a boat and carry him to the point and leave him in the cave there."

"Yes, capt'n."

"How much was aboard?"

"About \$200 for the Josephine miners."

"Send it over the cliff before morning and I'll divide it up soon, but you be extra careful. The new sheriff is a smart one."

"All right, capt'n," and the man went back to camp.

A moment later, just as Stoner was going back to the house, there was the slow thud of horse's hoofs, and Tom Warren, the young sheriff, rode down the trail around the corner of the old adobe building into the main country road that lay to the west. He had at last yielded to Tessa's entreaties to "go, go this minute, Tom."

"Where in the devil did you come from, sheriff? Anything up in this part of the country?"

"Oh, no, not a particle. I've been visiting my old school in the mountains and took the short trail home, down Cayucos."

"Won't you put up and stay with us all night?"

"No, Mr. Stoner, I must go down to Kertal to see friends there. It's only an hour's ride."

"That settles it," thought Stoner. "Plenty of stout fellows to use as sheriff's deputies there. He has probably stumbled on traces and is going for help."

He sat and smoked and slipped his hand back under his coat. "Easy to shoot the fellow," he said to himself.

"Well, good-by, Stoner," said Warren, suddenly. "I suppose the beach road is as good as ever?"

"Perfectly safe, only when you cross Toro creek keep on the sand bar. It's as hard as iron. I crossed there today."

"Thank you, adios."

The cliffs were from fifty to 200 feet high and full of wave-worn caves. Warren drew rein on the beach, and for fully ten minutes watched the ocean sway and rise. His thoughts thrilled with dreams of Tessa. He would take her away from her narrow and hurtful surroundings. He would lift her into happier and better circumstances. He would force Stoner's consent, marry her and make her happy.

He rode rapidly south, and in half an hour the mouth of the Toro appeared in the midst of sand dunes, breakers rolling in and the steady river flowing out. Here was the long sand bar, ten feet wide, and stretching across, hardly an inch higher than the watery surface.

Warren was beginning to have some suspicions of Stoner, but not such as to lead him to doubt the simple directions he had received. The sand bar looked safe, but within a few days the sea, as Stoner knew, had swept it mightily, torn out the long, compacted bar, and placed instead a quivering mass of quicksand, so treacherous that not even a light-footed rabbit could cross without being swallowed up and dragged bodily down. Warren rode swiftly forward. He had crossed sand bars hundreds of times. Some horses would have been wiser, but the animal he rode had been bred in the valley.

The approach to the bar was hard for a few yards as he galloped on. Suddenly in one heart-breaking, breathless descent, noiseless, but unutterably dreadful, Tom Warren's horse went down, down, and the soft, slinky sand came up to his mane. He shrieked out that ghastly cry of appeal and agony that a desperate, dying horse will sometimes utter.

Tom knew the peril. He had thrown his feet from the stirrups and drawn them up at the first downward throb, but the sand began to grasp him also. He threw himself flat on his breast and tore himself loose from the poor animal, over whose back the mingled sand and water was running, as it rolled from side to side in ineffectual struggles to escape.

Tom spread himself out over as much surface as possible, but slowly, resistlessly the mighty force drew him downward. The hard beach was only ten feet distant, but practically the chasm was impassable. He felt the horse sink out of sight. The sand gripped his own knees and arms, his thighs and shoulders. Two inches more and the end by suffocation was inevitable. Up to this time he had not shouted. Only his horse's wild death screams had told of the tragedy. What was the use? Who would be passing along that lonely road? Then he thought of Tessa and of life. He raised his voice in a clear, strong shout for help, again and again repeated.

Far off along the deep ravine came a cry in response and a horse's hurrying feet, and hope awoke in his heart. The margin of life was five minutes now—not longer. Faster, faster, oh, fearless rider!

"Tom, where are you?"

"Here, Tessa. Don't come too near."

But the mountain girl knew the danger. Creeping downstairs for a drink of water she had heard her father's words to Warren, had thrown a shawl about her shoulders and run to the pasture. Then she caught her pet horse, sprang upon his unsaddled back, seized a riata as she passed the stable, and galloped at the utmost speed down the ravine, hoping against hope, for many minutes had necessarily elapsed since Warren started.

She sprang to the ground and tossed

the rawhide rope to the one arm he had above the sand. She folded her shawl and put it over her horse's shoulders and tied the riata around like a collar.

Then she led him slowly away from the quicksands, and Warren thought his arms would break, but slowly, reluctantly, painfully, the sand gave up its prey.

"Your father told me to take this road, Tessa," said the young sheriff.

"Yes, I know that, and I heard one of the men tell him to-day that the bar was swept out."

There was a long silence between them.

"Tessa, go with me to St. Louis," said Warren, "and let us be married."

And Tessa went.

Old Stoner heard of the news a few days later. Within an hour he had "retired from business." The camp was broken up, the hunters disappeared, mysterious lights flashed at intervals all night from the points of the cliffs, and the next day old Stoner himself disappeared, leaving his family, the ranch and the live stock.

It is said that he made the best of his way to Mexico and finally to South America. The world is large as yet, and men who have money can ramble over a good deal of it without finding a past they wish to escape from. But Tessa lives in her San Luis Obispo cottage with orange trees over it and La Marque roses on the porch, and she thinks herself the happiest woman in California.—Belford's Magazine.

HOW EGYPTIANS HATCH EGGS.

They Still Cling to a Method Used in the Days of the Pharaohs.

Among the fellahs of Egypt a process of incubation is in use which has been handed down from antiquity, perhaps from the time of Diodorus, who, forty years before the Christian era, said that the Egyptians brought eggs to maturity with their own hands, and that the chickens hatched thus were not inferior to those hatched in the usual way. The process is described in Nature.

Ovens are built, consisting of a chamber eleven feet square and four feet high, with a flat roof. Above this another chamber nine feet high is built, with a vaulted roof, having a small opening in the middle to admit light. Below a larger opening communicates with the room underneath. In cold weather both rooms are kept closed, and a lamp is left burning in each, entrance then being had through the lower chamber.

When the oven is ready the proprietor goes to the neighboring villages and collects eggs. They are placed on mats, strewn with bran, in the lower chamber. Fires are then lighted in troughs along the sides of the upper rooms, the eggs being in two lines immediately below. The fires are lighted twice a day, the first dying out at noon and the other burning from 3 to 8 in the evening. The first batch of eggs is left for half a day in the warmest place, and then it makes way for the rest, until all have been warmed. This process is kept up for six days, when the eggs are examined carefully in a strong light. Those that are clear are cast aside. Those that are cloudy are put back in the oven for another four days. They are then removed for five days to another chamber, where there are no fires, but the air is excluded. After this they are placed an inch or two apart and continually turned, this last stage taking six or seven days. The eggs are examined constantly by being held against the upper eyelid to reveal if they are warmer than the human skin. The whole process lasts twenty-one days, but thin-shelled eggs often hatch in eighteen. The heat required is 86 degrees Fahrenheit. Excessive heat is undesirable.—New York Sun.

A Huge Globe.

A Parisian firm of globe-makers has just completed a gigantic globe. It was built on plans furnished by four French geographers—Villard, Cotard, Tissandier and Seyrig—and is said to be the most wonderful model of the earth ever produced. The St. Louis Republic gives a description of this globe which we copy.

It is a huge sphere, forty-two feet in diameter, and has painted upon its surface all the details of the earth's geography. The globe weighs thirteen tons, but is so nicely balanced upon its axis that it is easily rotated by a small wheel worked by one man.

Its entire surface area, which is raised and depressed so as to show mountains, valleys and other physical features, is five hundred and twenty-five feet.

The next largest model of the earth is the eighteen-foot globe used in the observatory at Berlin, and the largest one in America is only eleven and a half feet in diameter.

Grateful Appreciation.

Drummer—I've done a big day's work to-day; have taken orders for over \$5,000 worth of goods.

Bill Collector—Who are the parties?

Drummer—All to Skinner & Slowsay.

Bill Collector—That means steady employment for me for ten months. Thanks; don't know what I should do if it weren't for you.—Boston Transcript.

Cruel Woman.

He deeply loved the learned editress To whom his pretty verses he directed;

But then she blighted all his happiness. For both his suit and verses she rejected!

—Detroit Free Press.

Yes, Indeed.

Bixby—What idiots girls are when they try to imitate the men!

Marie (flattered)—Do you think so? That proves how excellent the imitation is.—Truth.

A man doesn't think of the feelings of his mother when he does wrong, but he expects the newspapers to consider her when they mention it.

THE TOMB OF A HERO.

Monument on the Grave of Gen. John C. Fremont.

In the far West, a mountain, capped with everlasting snow, is an enduring monument to Gen. John C. Fremont, and it is now proposed he shall have one in the East. The Associated Pioneers of the Territorial Days of California have started a movement to obtain funds for a statue to be erected on the grave of the "Pathfinder," who made it possible to settle the States of the Pacific coast and who preserved the territory for the United States.

Realizing that Fremont, although particularly endeared to Californians, is a man whom the nation revered and admired, it has been determined to give every citizen of the United States an opportunity to subscribe for the fund. The Metropolitan Trust Company, No. 39 Wall street, New York city, has been authorized by the Pioneers' Association to receive contributions. Persons desiring to add their mite to the monument fund should send it to this company.

The final interment of Fremont's remains took place last year. He died in the city of New York, July 13, 1890. The body was placed temporarily in the vault of Trinity Church and was afterward removed to the receiving tomb of Rockland Cemetery on the Hudson.

The site selected for his grave overlooks Tappan Zee and the Hudson. The panorama of nature, which the great explorer loved so well, is no more beautiful on any spot on the globe. The quaint little villages of Hastings, Dobbs' Ferry, Irvington, Tarrytown and Sing Sing are on the opposite shore. In the distance the waters of Long Island Sound add to the beauty of the location.

The long delay between Gen. Fremont's death in 1890 and his burial in 1894 arose in part because it was undetermined whether to lay his body in the earth or in a mausoleum to be erected above ground, and the final determination was not reached until the fall of 1894, when Mrs. Fremont made a request to have the remains taken from the receiving tomb and laid to rest in the ground—"in the open air, for sun and snows to fall upon his grave, as he so often unflinchingly met them in his life of toilsome duty done."

It was Mrs. Fremont's wish to have the final interment private and without publicity, but his old comrades-in-arms and others who loved and revered his memory felt that the name of Fremont and his remains belonged to the nation, and that they should be permitted to attend his burial. In deference to this feeling the final interment and services incident thereto took place under the auspices of the Associated Pioneers.

When the question of erecting a memorial was spoken of at the grave of the Pathfinder, and afterwards more fully discussed at the annual meeting of the Pioneers, the opinion obtained that very many, if not all, of the early day Californians would feel it to be a privilege and also a duty to co-operate with the Associated Pioneers in contributing and in raising the funds necessary for a monument. The opinion was also expressed that if the general public were invited to contribute to this grateful and patriotic work, a fund sufficient to erect a very expensive and imposing structure, a monument worthy of the man, would be readily contributed; but upon the suggestion that this great publicity would probably wound the feelings and the sensitiveness of Mrs. Fremont, it was deemed best to confine the cost of the monument to \$10,000, and also confine the movement to the Pioneers of California, as also his military, political and personal friends.

Mrs. Fremont was notified and sent the following answer:

"This will assure you that the idea of a memorial by the Pioneers and Loyal Legions is entirely congenial to my feelings, and for some reasons better than any personal memorial. The general did belong to his country, and did do it great and unselfish service, and while I could not ask, I can value and thankfully accept so appropriate and friendly a tribute."

Upon receiving this response a number of artists and sculptors were asked to submit designs for a monument that would express artistically and impressively the following story:

In Fremont's first expedition across the continent in 1842 they had made the ascent of what is called Fremont's Peak, now in Wyoming, where, by act of Legislature, it is reserved as a State Park.

Returning to their camp of deposit near a great rock 1,000 miles beyond the Mississippi, to which the national name of "Rock Independence" has since been given, he wrote:

"Here, not un mindful of the custom of early travelers and explorers in our country, I engraved on this rock of the far West a symbol of the Christian faith. I made on the hard granite the impression of a large cross which I covered with a black preparation of India rubber, well calculated to resist the influence of wind and rain."

A number of designs were received; several of them were very artistic and beautiful, but the design submitted by Mrs. Clio Hinton Huniker of New York, whose genius and fame as a sculptor will soon become world-wide, was unanimously preferred and accepted. The statue is to be of heroic size and the feet of the figure will be on a pedestal fourteen feet high, making the total height of the monument twenty-two feet.

Simple Subtraction.

A favorable example of Irish wit is the following, borrowed from Judge. It answers very well, also, as a hit at the good-natured people who amuse themselves by paralyzing the "lower classes."

An Irishman was hauling water in

barrels from a small river to supply the inhabitants of the village, which was not provided with water works.

As he halted at the top of the bank to give a "blow" before proceeding to peddle the water, a gentleman of the inquisitive type rode up, and after passing the time of day, asked:

"How long have you been hauling water for the village, my good man?"

"Ten years or more, sor," was the simple reply.

"Ah! And how many loads do you make a day?"

"From ten to fifteen, accordin' to the weather, sor."

"Yes. Now I have one for you, Pat," said the gentleman, laughing. "How much water have you hauled altogether?"

The Irishman jerked his thumb in the direction of the river, at the same time giving his team the hint to start, and replied:

"All the wather that yez don't see there now, sor."

HAVE NO ALPHABET.

Chinese Have a Language Without Elementary Characters.

The peculiarity of the Chinese language consists of the fact that they have a written and printed language and no alphabet, every word in their vocabulary having a separate character of its own. These characters are divided into six classes, the total number being about 24,235. The first class, according to eminent Chinese philologists, includes "imitative symbols. These are 608 in number, and are believed to be the very first Chinese symbolic signs invented. The second class includes the "symbols indicating thought," and are 167 in number. These characters are formed in such a way as to indicate by their form or position some idea referring to the relative circumstances pointing to them. The third class includes 740 characters, known as "combined ideas." This class bears some relations to our compound words and comprise characters made up of two or more symbols to form a single idea. The fourth class is listed as "inverted significations," and includes 372 characters, which, by some inversion, contraction or alteration of parts, are made to acquire different meanings. The fifth is the great class of "united sound symbols," containing 21,810 characters. The sixth class, which has no fixed number of characters, is listed under the head of "borrowed uses." This class includes metaphoric symbols and combinations in which the meaning is induced by some fanciful imagination. But a few hundred of these have been cut in characters by the type foundry, but imaginative writers have been known to use thousands that are not regularly recognized as belonging in the language, and which are not included in the sum total of 24,235 characters mentioned in the opening.

Certain fanciful writers, so Dr. Williams says, have been known to use as high as 200,000 such symbols. The authority referred to in the foregoing sentence, while he admits that romantic writers have been known to employ upwards of 200,000 characters in their writings, closes his article on that subject by saying: "While an enormous number of characters are occasionally employed, running in some instances far above 200,000, it may be safely said that a knowledge of 10,000 characters will enable one to read any work published in the Chinese language and to write intelligently on any subject."—Boston Transcript.

A Guest of Honor.

An English actor was a member of a company snowbound in the Sierras while en route from California to the East, says Judge. Before their train was pulled out of the drifts they had been reduced to eating the coarse fare of the railroad laborers, and got little enough even of that; so that they all had a magnificent hunger on when the train reached a small station at which there was a restaurant, and the Englishman was the first to find a seat at a table.

"Bring me, in a hurry," he said to the landlord, a burly Western man, "a porterhouse steak, some deviled kidneys, a brace of chops, plenty of vegetables, and two bottles of Bass bitter beer."

The landlord stuck his head out of the dining room door and yelled to somebody in the rear apartment:

"Say, Bill! tell the band to play 'Rule Britannia.' The Prince of Wales has come."

The Life of Arts.

Sir John Lubbock, the naturalist, who has done more to popularize the study of insect ways and habits than all the other modern entomologists combined, has been experimenting to find out how long the common ant would live if kept out of harm's way. On Aug. 8, 1888, an ant which had been thus kept and tenderly cared for died at the age of 15 years, which is the greatest age any species of insect has yet been known to attain. Another individual of the same species of ant (formica fusca) lived to the advanced age of 13 years, and the queen of another kind (Lasius niger) laid fertile eggs after she had passed the age of 9 years.

A Happy Thought.

Herr N. (to a beggar in the street)—I'll give you 5 cents if you'll lend me for half an hour your board with the inscription "I am deaf and dumb."

Deaf Mute—All right. What do you want it for?

Herr N.—I am going to the barber's over the way to get a shave.—Felerabend.

Probably It Is Becoming to Her.

Probably the most thoughtful daughter in the world lives in Atebison. Though twenty-five years of age, she still wears her hair down her back to keep her mother looking young.—Atebison Globe.

WITHOUT A BOTTOM.

Railroad Laborers Unable to Fill a Hole in Connecticut.

Along the line of the railroad track, a little way out of the settlement of Towantic, Conn., is a seemingly bottomless pit, which Towantic folk fancy may be the main gateway to the kingdom of Pluto.

Not long ago the railroad company undertook to fill in the pit, which threatens the roadbed. For several months a big gang of workmen has been trying to fill up the insatiable hole with car loads of sand and gravel, and with the result that it is apparently not a whit less hungry for sand and gravel than at the outset. Old abandoned freight cars are used for fillers. These are stuffed full of earth and dumped into the greedy fathomless abyss. The first consignment of sand loaded cars, fifty in number, went ker-splash into the liquid chasm which sucked them down like quicksand, but very swiftly, and the slimy waters heaved and swayed with thick, heavy waves, dimpling and bubbling like a porridge, for a long time thereafter. Then speedily more cars were dumped in, and they were no more than pebbles. Right in the wake of the cars the workmen dispatched 500 car loads of loose earth, then more cars and more gravel and sand. Up to date over 500 cars have been cast into the bottomless pit, and nobody knows exactly how many loads of earth.

In carrying on the work the company used two special freight trains of thirty cars, which made five trips a day each and had dumped 7,334 car loads into the hole up to the time the workmen lost count of the number of loads. As far as anyone knows all the mass of stuff that has ever been thrown into it has had no effect whatever in the way of stuffing its maw, and the company is inclined to think the undertaking is a hopeless one. However, it will keep on dumping 200 loads of earth daily. Said a workman, gazing dejectedly into Towantic's black, shaking, heaving viscous pit: "Where all this stuff, dirt and cars has gone to, blamed if I know. The company has already spent pretty nearly \$20,000 trying to fill it, but all of us now believe it really is bottomless." Scores of neighbors visit Towantic each week, tread gingerly about the edges of the pit and gaze with awe at the spot where the cars disappeared.—New York Herald.

A White Squall.

"A white squall, did I ever see one? I should say I had," said an old sailor in the barge office. "We were between here and the West Indies, and it was as fair a day as you ever put eyes on. I was at the wheel, and we were bowling along under a pretty sailing breeze. There wasn't a cloud to be seen, unless a little white vapor far off could be called a cloud. All of a sudden the captain came up out of his cabin."

"Get all the light sails off her as quick as you can," he shouted to the mate. "Clew up the royals and to-gallant sails, and bear a hand lively, boys!"

"What's the matter with the old man now?" said the sailors, as they looked around the horizon and saw nothing but sunshine and the clear sky.

"Nevertheless, all hands turned to getting in the light sails. The captain took the wheel and sent me to assist. Of course we all thought it was a piece of foolishness, but we worked with a will because the captain told us to."

"Well, we had no sooner got those sails in than it struck. Right out of the clear sky came an awful gale. It tore our great mainsail and other sails to ribbons quicker than a flash. It came 'butt end to,' as the sailors say."

"How did the captain know it was coming? Why, he was in his cabin and happened to see his glass go down suddenly. That means something, and he hustled on deck. A good captain watches his barometer as a cat watches a mouse."

Out of the Way.

Among the loyal Maori chiefs invited to meet the Duke of Edinburgh, when he was in New Zealand, was one of the original signers of the treaty of Waitangi, in 1840, a man who had ever since been a firm friend of the English. The author of "Seventy Years of Life in the Victorian Era" says that after the reception an English bishop asked the governor:

"Do you know the antecedents of that old heathen, sir?"

"No, my dear bishop," was the reply. "But I do know that he brought five hundred of his clansmen into the field to fight for the queen. So I invited him to meet the queen's son."

"Well," said the bishop, "when I arrived in New Zealand, that chief came to me, and said he wished to be baptized. I knew he had two wives, so I told him he must first persuade one of them to return to her family. He said he feared it would be difficult, but that he would see what could be done."

"In two months he returned. 'Now, missionary,' he exclaimed, 'you may baptize me, for I have only one wife.' 'And what have you done with our dear sister, your other wife?' I asked."

"He smacked his lips. 'I have eaten her!' said he."

A Safe Position.

Wiggs—Would you have the courage to attend a duel?

Biggs—Not unless I were one of the principals.

Wiggs—Why not a spectator?

Biggs—I notice that the principals are the only ones who are absolutely safe on those occasions.—New York World.

Question of Age.

Editor—You say you wrote that joke yourself?

Jokist—Yes, sir.

Editor—You don't really look it, young man, but you must be about 325 years old.—Moses.